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The Viceroy: SAY TO THE CHRISTIAN NATION THAT ANOTHER CHRISTIAN NATION HAS DECLARED WAR AGAINST US, AND WHEN IT SENDS OVER THE NEXT BATCH OF MISSIONARIES, TO SEND ALSO TEN THOUSAND RAPID-FIRE GUNS AND TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND BOUNDS OF LYDDITE SHELLS. WE, BEING A HEATHEN NATION, DO NOT MAKE THEM.

· LIFE ·

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The new disc machine, combining the best features of our Gram-o-phone (which is now abandoned, including its name) and the joint patents of

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NATIONAL GRAM-O-PHONE CORPORATION
Broadway, Cor. 18th St., New York City

LIFE



"DARNED IF I CAN HAVE ANY FUN ON FOURTH OF JULY WITH THESE THINGS ON."

In Cherubtown.

IN Cherubtown it's quite the thing
To go a-sprinting on the wing,
To gallivant the livelong day
And with the other cherubs play;
To perch upon a fluffy cloud,
And go star-golfing with the crowd.
Life there has naught of human ills,
No endless chain of horrid bills,
No tailors out to make a haul,
For cherubs wear no clothes at all,
But spend their time in endless flights
Through sunlit days and star-crowned
nights;
Just to be frivolous they're hired,
And, strange to say, they're never tired,
Although to rest they can't sit down.
They don't do that in Cherubtown!

Kate Masterson.

The Analysis of the Summer Vacation.

Anticipation.....	75,000 parts.
Trouble.....	2.650 "
Turmoil.....	2.008 "
Inconvenience.....	4.850 "
Ill health, compounded of bad food, hot rooms, insect bites, cheap plumbing, loss of sleep	2.475 "
Irritation.....	2.017 "
Disappointment.....	4.850 "
Fun.....	.695 "
Adventure.....	.054 "
Conquests.....	.001 "
Material for lying.....	5.399 "
Rest.....	none.
Satisfaction.....	a trace.
Realization.....	a trace.

AN imaginative man fell in love
with a homely girl because she
was so beautiful.

A Made Man.

"WHAT does Spendalot do for a
living? He seems to have
all kinds of money."

"Nothing."

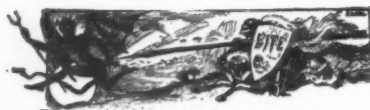
"Lucky chap! Born with a silver
spoon in his mouth, was he?"

"Better. He was one of the patriots
appointed to show the Cubans what an
honest government is."

The Strenuous Life.

TO THE HEN: That's a mighty
energetic chick you have.

THE HEN: Very. That's my son
Ted; born with spurs, and his head
turned. He can't stop.



"While there is Life there's Hope."
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THERE may be those who consider the nomination of Roosevelt a triumph of mind over muscle, and a victory for the elderly statesman, who, with

a broken rib and strength grievously impaired, left his bed and sat up to see his desires accomplished. Such persons will

maintain that the strenuous life has had a setback, and that, after all, it isn't the rush line that determines the issue of the game. Giving Senator Platt all possible credit for fortitude and indomitable persistence, it still seems that more credit is due him as a forecaster of events than as their artificer. The strenuous life has not been discredited. It was that that did it. They that live by strenuosity must run the risk of perishing by strenuosity. It was the irreclaimable popularity of Governor Roosevelt in the far West—in the States that know him best as a Rough Rider—that swept over and beat down his elaborate defences, and rushed him into that unwelcome place at the tail of the ticket. The far West would vote for him for something and couldn't wait. It was a sad case. He couldn't help it, and there is no sense either in blaming him, or in repining. What was in the

gun had to come out. It looks now as if all the Roosevelt powder was likely to be burned to expedite the Major's return to the White House. But, after all, we can't tell what packages Destiny has got in her bag, or when she will see fit to produce them. We in New York have lost a Governor that we were not half through with, but we must try piously to conclude that it was all for the best. There are two men of destiny on the Republican ticket this year. One is running for office and one away from it.



AFTER all, the Vice-Presidency is a job that seems to have been overmuch disparaged. It is a good place to rest in, and a season of moderate repose, even if it is compulsory, may turn out to be exceedingly valuable to Governor Roosevelt who has had six or seven years of very lively work. The Vice-President gets eight thousand dollars a year salary, a long vacation every summer, and so little to do the rest of the while that he may be said to have his time to himself. There is nothing to hinder a Vice-President from improving his mind, or writing books and magazine articles, or doing anything else that would attract an industrious man and can be done in Washington. Moreover, if anything particularly stirring came to pass, a Vice-President might insure the life of the President, resign his own office, and return to active life. Moreover, it is possible that the Vice-Presidency has more chances in it than have ever yet been developed. It is not the sort of tail that one expects to see wag the dog, but ably handled it may be kept well in sight. Mr. Hobart made more of it than any of his predecessors, and if there is any man living who is constituted to make more of it than Mr. Hobart did, it is Colonel Roosevelt. So let us not spend our strength lamenting that Roosevelt is likely to be Vice-President. The job may be better for him than we think. As a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers he conducted with success and egregious renown a war in which scores of professional

generals were employed. A man who was as resonant as he was with the sword ought to be able to make a creditable din with the gavel.



IF we are not to have another term of Roosevelt as Governor, why should we not make experiment of the administrative capacity of Comptroller Coler? He has been the great success of the Tammany administration. Setting up his own standard of duty and integrity he has fought continuously on the side of the taxpayers and the general public. It is true that as a candidate for Governor he would hardly be acceptable to Tammany, but it seems also true that no candidate that would stir Tammany to enthusiasm would suit the rest of the State. Mr. Coler is sure to be considered when the Democratic nomination is made. If there is any likelier man of his years in his party in or out of New York, it would interest the public to hear of him.



WHATEVER any of us may think about the Philippines and the rights and wrongs of our exploits there, we would all be glad to see the Filipinos stop fighting and the work of reconciliation and reconstruction begun. There seems to be a chance that important good may come from General MacArthur's recent amnesty proclamation. We have learned to doubt everything we hear from the Philippines, and when we are told that MacArthur and the insurgent generals are really trying to come to terms we dare not be too hopeful. But it is cheering news, as far as it goes.

The hardest point to settle seems to be the disposition of the friars. The Filipinos prefer that the friars should go. The Filipino aversion to these pious men seems so general and so hearty that it is hard not to conclude that a complete change of spiritual shepherds would be to the advantage of the Filipino flock.



Perdita: WAS IT HARD FOR HIM TO PROPOSE?
Dorothy: IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN, BUT YOU KNOW I WAS WITH HIM.

T. K. HANNA, JR.
1902



AT LIFE'S FARM.
COMING HOME FROM A WALK.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,294 84
Pay School Penny Chest.....	13 07
In Memoriam, Maurice I. Low.....	3 00
Cash.....	30 00
Rhinebeck.....	3 00
W. H. W.....	10 00
For LIFE'S FARM.....	15 00
Mary W. Comstock, five years old.....	3 00
E. E. B.....	10 00
Mrs. Harriet H. Carpenter.....	15 00
Cash, A. H.....	10 00
Cash.....	3 00
"D's" of Dublin.....	10 00
Our Day.....	10 00
J.....	25 00
	\$1,454 91

No Inducement.

FIRST MILLIONAIRE: I offered that horrible beggar one thousand dollars a year to keep off the street.

SECOND MILLIONAIRE: Did he accept?

"Oh, no. He said he couldn't afford it."

GREAT PUBLISHER: It looks as if they were going to have some trouble catching old Kruger.

ASSISTANT: It does, indeed.

"Well, you would better arrange to have our volume 'From Cape Town to Pretoria' followed by another to be called 'From Pretoria to Kruger.'"

The Latest Books.

The West End. By Percy White. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.

A clever book, being the entertaining history of the social rise of a rich London manufacturer of strawberry jam, written from the delightfully cynical viewpoint of a crippled nephew of the financier acting as his secretary. The latter portion of the story contains a vivid picture of the effects upon London society of the early defeats of the present war.

London to Ladysmith. By Winston Spencer Churchill. New York, London and Bombay: Longmans, Green and Company.

Mr. Churchill's account of his personal experiences, including his capture, imprisonment and escape, are exceedingly interesting, and his frank justice to the Boers is refreshing after Julian Ralph's tirades. It is a pity that he could not have revised his letters before their appearance in book form, as they contain many pages that have lost the interest they doubtless had at the moment of their publication in the columns of the *Post*.

The Knights of the Cross. Two volumes. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.00

A well-written and well-sustained story of love, adventure and war in Poland in the fifteenth century, leading up to the overthrow of the military order of the Knights of the Cross. The book is unnecessarily long, but doubtless our friends in Eastern Europe, like our own forbears with their three-volume novels, have more time and fewer books at their disposal than we.

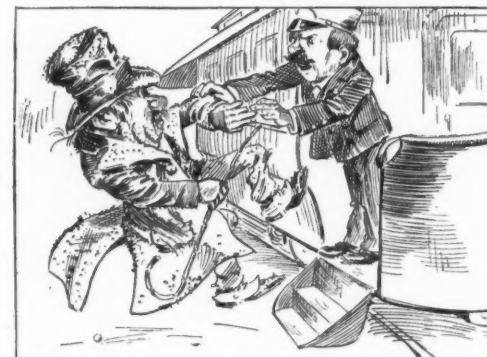
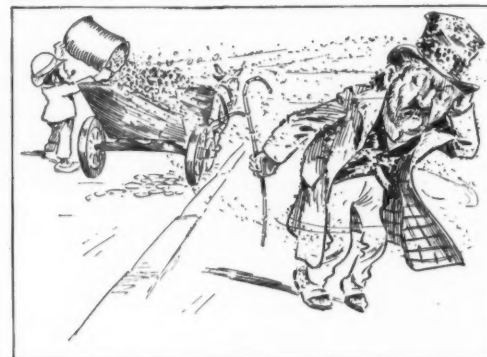
A Dream of a Throne. By Charles F. Embree. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

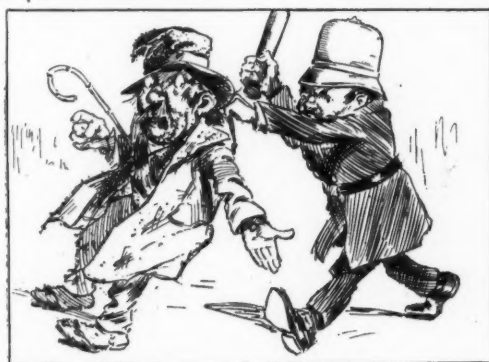
A Mexican historical romance, which is neither very historical nor very romantic. The reader travels a long way, with much exertion, to find that he has been going around in a small circle, lost, as it were, in a literary blizzard.

A Diplomatic Woman. By Huan Mee. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

This lady is apparently

WHY HE DIDN'T GET HOME TO DINNER.





trying to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Sherlock Holmes. She is overworked, and we would advise complete rest and change of scene.

Premature.

"WELL, old man, I am going down to the sea-shore to visit my fiancée."

"Who is she?"

"How do I know?"

THERE is nothing that convinces a woman so readily that marriage is a failure, as for her husband to say to her in a kind voice, "But you wouldn't understand it, my dear, if I were to explain it to you."

American Patriotism.

PATRIOTISM is love of country; and the bigger and richer the country you have to love, the bigger and richer the patriotism. The only, real, A No. 1 brand

of patriotism on earth is found in America. It's great stuff. Patriotism is a passion which induces hot youth to rush forth to get shot and half shot, while sober, conservative age waves the flag and corrals the contracts. One is a subtle instinct, the other a sutler. Patriotism is a noble thing all round and a useful adjunct to business. The flavor of patriotism depends upon its habitat. When those yellow, pig-tailed patriots, the Boxers, carve up missionaries and yell "China for the Chinese," every self-respecting Anglo-Saxon is disgusted; when the lusty American patriot kicks the Chinaman and black-jacks the Tagalog and cries "America and everything in sight for the American," the country weeps tears of passionate joy. We push out into the seas of the



THAT STYLE OF BEAUTY.

The One on the Bedpost: GADZOOKS! SHE HASN'T LIFTED A FINGER, YET SEVEN OF OUR SERENADE CLUB ARE LAID OUT. I WONDER WHERE SHE PURCHASED THAT FATAL COMPLEXION.

Orient, impelled by the noble impulses of patriotism to carry freedom, religion and peace to a wealth-congested market, for we know that commerce follows the dear old flag, even as the wise vulture follows the carrion trade.

Patriotism strengthens the vision and enlarges the grasp of a nation, for nothing elevates and spiritualizes a people like killing niggers and punching inferior, colored patriots. As the young patriot lies in the Luzon swamp, adorned with bullet holes, and his dying eyes see the starry banner of his native land; when he thinks of the self-denying hordes of Ohio who will rush in to avenge him by cleaning up the unearned increment, he knows he has not died in vain. What is death to him who respects Ohio?

The man who makes two blades of steel stick in a negro's ribs where only one stuck before is a true patriot.

The American patriot of 1900 can look back with pity and contempt upon the ragged rebels of '76, who had neither money nor clothes nor the hope of a pension; their conduct was neither useful nor edifying. To-day we have a rich, fat, juicy country; a country well worth letting our young and thoughtless people die for; a country that is neither ungrateful nor ungenerous if properly worked; a country in close "touch" with its patriots.

We are a moral as well as a patriotic people. Patriotism, trimmed with morality and adorned with religious feeling, never appeals in vain to the true American. What a consolation to the pious patriot to know that every inferior Tagalog planted in Luzon is a pledge to freedom, and perhaps his estate will cut up well and soothe the surviving superior race.

True patriotism in this land goes out in sympathy to true patriotism everywhere. When the barbarian Boer swatted the pious Briton at Spion Kop, Canton and Boston wept; when "Bobs" marched into Pretoria, Ohio's bosom swelled with sympathetic pride, and the children of Indiana—exiled from Cuba—drooled at the mouth as they thought of the gold mines. Yes, indeed! The same high and noble passions that stir England's breast when she is pushing humanity and the flag down Boer throats, swell ours as we sandbag the effete Filipino. The merry music of looted lucre jingles joyously in the moral ears of both branches of the patriotic English-speaking peoples.

Next to plunder, politely termed trade, patriotism is the dominant passion of America. It is the handmaid of civilization, the stepmother of religion, the maiden aunt of ethics, the bride of death, disease and destruction; we will cease to be patriotic when we cease to be predatory.

For how can men do better than kill at sixty rods
The race that wears the fetter of the nasty, heathen gods.

Joseph Smith.

A GENIUS is a madman whose excesses are all sane.

Aging.

MISS SUMMIT: That young Mr. Calloway doesn't know nearly as much as I thought he did.

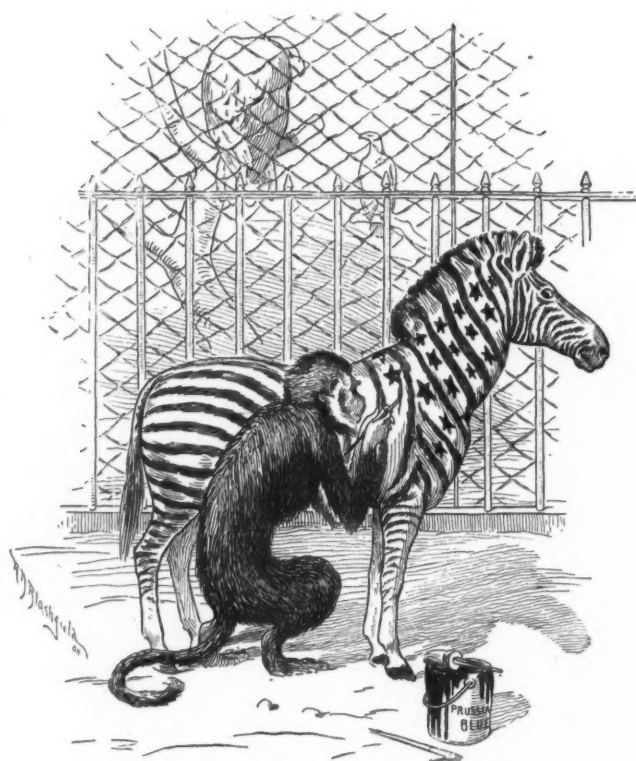
MISS PALISADE: You must remember he has been out of college fully two years now.

The Dinner.

THE idea of the dinner is to spend as much money as possible on food for a given number of persons who haven't the courage to refuse to attend. Competition is not only the life of trade, but of society, and it is only by competition that dinners have come to their present state of indigestibility.

The first dinner party given was in the Garden of Eden, when Eve asked Adam to be present at an informal apple opening, and since then the idea has been steadily growing. There is supposed to be nothing like a dinner to promote social intercourse. Social intercourse is the ability to talk without thinking, and the food that taxes the stomach most takes all the more blood away from the brain, thus rendering the function much easier to social novices. This is why men can usually be persuaded to attend a dinner, when they would run from an afternoon tea.

The ability of the average human being to enjoy a modern dinner depends upon the proportionate size of his brain to that of his stomach. A man with a large brain and a small stomach has no innings at a dinner, but the process of evolution is rapidly developing a race of beings who are all stomachs and no brains, and who absorb food with the same ease that they use their tongues to talk with. The proper accompaniment to all dinners should be wind, women and wittles. The gentle breezes of ordinary dinner talk should be succeeded by after-dinner speeches in the shape of well-worn witticisms that arouse gales of merriment. As for the women, they should never be absent from a dinner, which, without them, is fit only for politics; and as for the wittles, anything that under no circumstances a man would ever eat by himself, is considered to be the best form.



GETTING READY FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY AT THE ZOO.



HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

Both at once: IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY YOU SHOULD HAVE ARBITRATED

• LFF

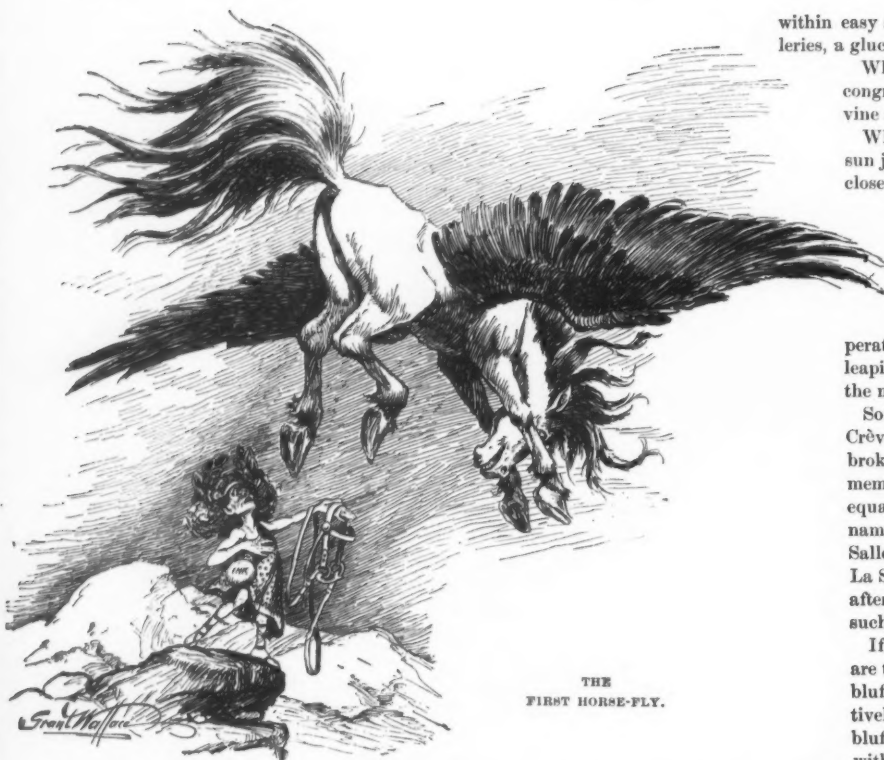


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NO WONDER THE SEA SERPENT FREQ



ERPENT FREQUENTS OUR COAST.



THE
FIRST HORSE-FLY.



Announcement of Award.

PEORIA WINS.

IN its issue of February 15th, *LIFE* announced that a prize of fifty dollars in gold would be given for the best statement of facts which would prove that any particular city is the meanest city in the country.

Thirty contestants have since that date jostled for honors in the columns of *LIFE*, and among these thirty one has captured the prize.

The honor and money go to the author of "Peoria."

In arriving at this decision, the judges set a general standard of Humor, Originality and Literary Merit, and through an exhaustive process of elimination, arrived at the final result.

For obvious reasons, the winner of the prize, under the pseudonym of "A Fugitive," does not desire to have his real name published.

Herewith is reprinted the prize argument for municipal meanness!

PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

Peoria, Illinois, the dirtiest city in the United States, is situated

within easy smell of several packing houses, three distilleries, a glucose plant and a stagnant lake.

When it does not rain in Peoria, the inhabitants congratulate one another and exclaim: "Vot a vine day!"

When the sun shines in Peoria, it is last week's sun just penetrating the soot. All business houses close, and the whole community takes a holiday.

Hogs run Peoria streets with impunity, as might be expected in a city where everybody is either a Ritzenheimer, an Ottenwoller or an Eckerstein.

The buildings in Peoria are low, because otherwise hundreds of citizens, made desperate by their environments, would seek relief by leaping from top stories. Low structures decrease the mortality rate.

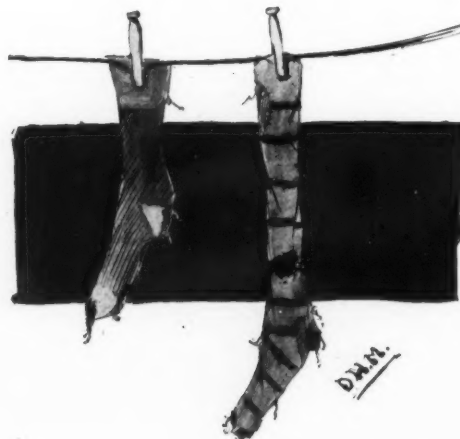
So mean is Peoria, that it has a flourishing Crève-Coeur Club, composed of men who are broken-hearted over living in the place. The membership and the waiting list together are equal to the sane male population. The club is named after old Crève-Coeur fort, erected by La Salle and Tonti near the site of the present city. La Salle and Tonti were broken-hearted, because, after braving so many perils, they rounded up at such a spot.

If you reside in the valley of Peoria, so thick are the smoke and dust that when you ascend the bluffs you experience nausea from the comparatively rarefied atmosphere. And if you dwell on the bluffs, you can venture below only when supplied with individual smoke consumer and compass.

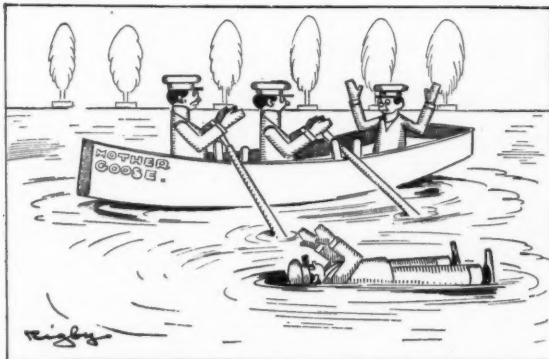
Peoria has had two distinguished inmates—Bob Burdette and Col. Ingersoll. Burdette on escaping underwent such a reaction that he became a humorist; Ingersoll, while confined there, had implanted in him the firm conviction that there can be no hell after death.

Having briefly touched this subject of Peoria, I must now go and take a bath.

A Fugitive.



NOT WORTH A DARN.



FUN IN NURSERY LAND.

Try Yachtsman (overboard): DON'T BE ALARMED, FELLOWS, I WON'T SINK.

Quite Right.

MRS. BINGO: Let's go to church to-day, instead of playing golf.

BINGO: No, thanks. There's one day in the week I want to have a rest from that minister.

WE have sympathized with all oppressed peoples—with Ireland, Greece, Armenia, Cuba. To emancipate the slave we gladly sacrificed the lives of hundreds of thousands of our soldiers. And now the American soldier, who should never shoulder a gun except in a righteous cause, is sent ten thousand miles across the ocean to shoot men whose real crime is that they wish to be free wish to govern themselves. To say that they are unfit for freedom is to put forth the plea of the tyrant in all ages and everywhere. The enemies of liberty have never lacked for pretexts to justify their wrongs; but, in truth, at the root of all wars of conquest there lies lust for blood or for gold.

—Bishop Spalding.

Here's a Bishop who knows what he is talking about. But oh, how different he is from some other Bishops we know.

Would there were more like this Bishop, who, knowing the truth, is not afraid to proclaim it.

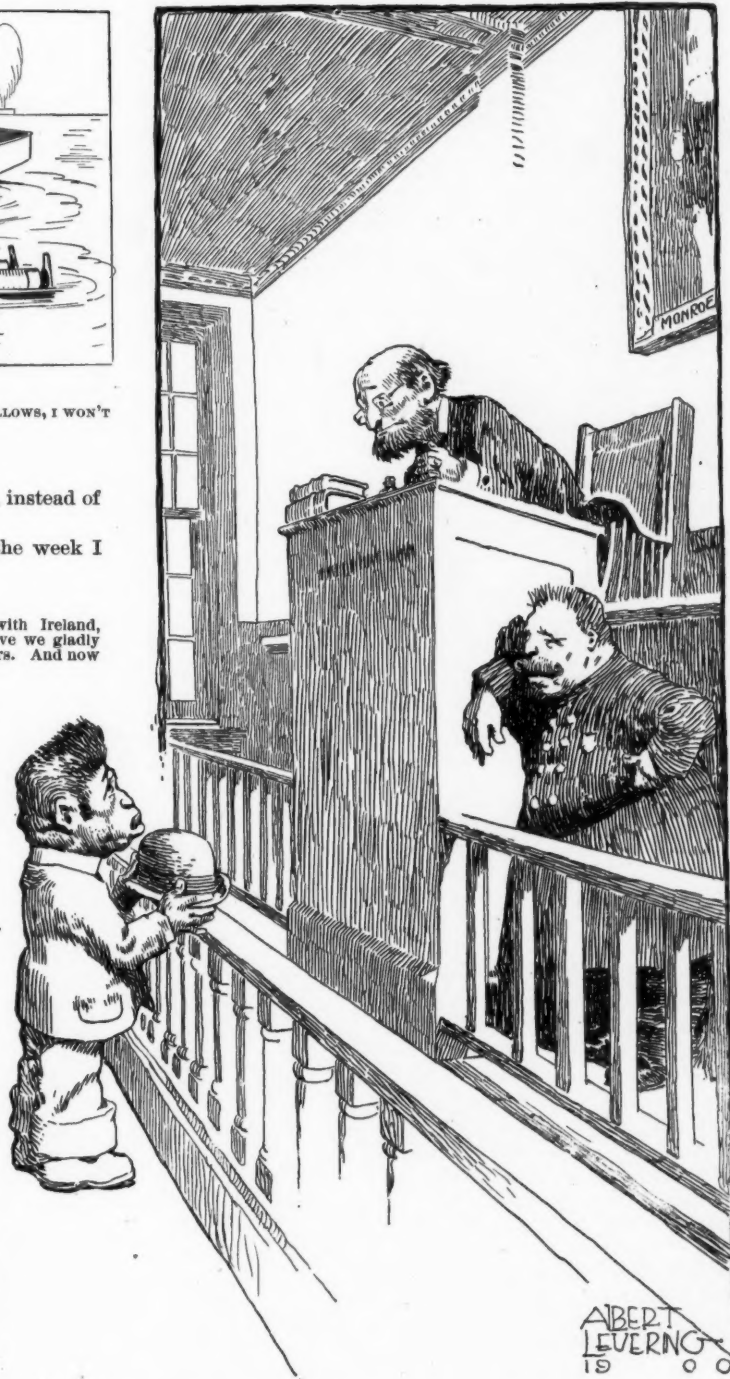
The Measure of Success.

THE HEALER: Your greatest need, madam, is to place yourself in harmony with the universe.

THE WILLING ONE: But how can that be done?

"For three dollars a treatment."

STEPHEN CRANE seems to have died of too much opportunity. He wrote a book about war as he imagined it, and made such a reputation as a describer of battles that he was immediately employed to go to real wars. He went to two in quick succession, and they used him up. His fate should be a warning to young writers to stick to what they don't know, and cultivate their imaginations. That is what our successful writers—Miss Johnston, Mr. Churchill, and the like—are doing. Write about folks who are dead and can't bring suit, and make them do the liveliest things you can think of.



Judge: YOU ARE CHARGED WITH HAVING MORE THAN ONE WIFE.

"YES, SAH, THAT'S SO."

"DON'T YOU KNOW THAT'S AGAINST THE UNITED STATES LAW?"

"TAIN'T AGAINST THE LAW WHERE I COME FROM."

"WHERE'S THAT?"

"SULU ISLAND, SAH."

Cruel Doubts.

IT is curious to observe with what want of appreciation certain irresponsible journals speak of Great Britain. Now, Great Britain is the civilizing power of the world. Of this there is no doubt, as we get the information straight from England. And yet, according to what follows, *The Philistine* does not quite believe it:

The average Boer outranks the average Englishman in intelligence and all that goes to make Christian virtue. England may have a higher culture; but over against this there are myriads of men and women living in England who are sunk into such depravity as cannot be found in South Africa.

Two-thirds of London, Liverpool and Manchester are seething masses of destitution, prostitution, drunkenness and depravity. If Salisbury and Chamberlain wish to uplift and educate, there is ample opportunity at their doors.

In India, men, women and children are dying of starvation, and their cries for help cannot be heard in London for the booming of cannon in the Transvaal. England has sacrificed over twenty-five thousand lives, and fifty million pounds, sterling, in an endeavor to suppress shepherds in South Africa. Had these twenty-five thousand men been utilized in distributing among the natives of India treasure wasted in South Africa, the famine could have been entirely averted; and the twenty-five thousand young men who are now dead might have been utilized in teaching the people how to avert famine in the future. By no stretch of charity, and by no violence to grammar can you call the British Nation a Christian people. The Christ spirit simply has no place at all in the political policy of Salisbury.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S numerous relatives seem to be in for another season of left-handed fame. Thus far, the result has apparently not been salutary; here is an authentic story illustrating the point:

"Brother Abner" was recently traveling in a Pullman car. To another passenger, ignorant of the proximity of greatness, the negro porter, in an awe-struck voice, whispered:

"That's the President's brother!"

"How do you know?" responded the plain citizen.

"He told me so!" replied the porter.

BIGHEAD: Don't you think that divorce tends to discourage matrimony?

GAYBOY: Not at all. As the poet might have said:

They marry now who never did before,

And those already wed, now wed the more.

How Herr Hoffman Became a Veteran.

HOW dit I became a vetterain uf der Civil Revolutionaries Var, eh? Vell, I vill yust tolt you, mine frendt. Make me your attentions vile I speak about id. Mit der olt country in Chermanie I vas a broodskeller, und dat means a butcher ven you know mit vat vot langvitches you speak mit.

I vas a broodskeller alretty yet ven I tolt you before, und dat vas ven I vas mit der olt country. Ven I vas so soon ofer mit dis country I gott a job alretty. Und I gott a job ad mine drate, vich vas der butcher bishness. Und der vas py mine site vorking, one nudder butchermans. Ve vas vorking togetter py our sites—he vas py mine rite site, vich I also vas py, too, alretty.

Und ve vas vorking py each off our own sites, und der come yust about fifteen minutes after der dime vot I tolt you yust about id, a millenary officer mit some recruiting bishness mit him. Der millenary officer he lookt me rite in mit my faces, und he set: "Do you much make luff for dis country? Und I set: "Vy do you make me such a questionings?"



"I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED, MR. LEO."

"Because," he set, "if you make much luff for dis country, maybe you mite be glat vot you schoined mit der Harmy," he set.

"No, py Chimineddy," I set, "ta hellenspunks"—und dat means hell ven you know mit vot langvitches you speak mit—"ta hellenspunks mit ta Harmy, I sthay mit der butcher bishness, by Chimineddy."

Und den he ask dot udder butchermans, und he set der same like me alretty. He set: "Ta hellenspunks mit ta Harmy. I sthay mit der butcher bishness, too, alretty."

Den ve haf some conversationings mit der millenary officer, und he set to me, und he set ad mine frendt: "Come haf a leedle somedings; ve haf somedings to drink."

So ve get ofer mit der saloon, und der millenary officer, he set, "Haf a leedle viskey." Und I haf, togetter mit mine frendt und der millenary officer, a leedle viskey.

Und den I vas yust about to go back mit der butcher bishness, ven he set, "Haf a nudder." Und ve haf a nudder.

Den I set I must go back to der butcher bishness mit my job. Bud der millenary officer, he set, "Ach! vat is der madder mit you, eh; haf a nudder."

Now, py Chimineddy, I veel putty good, und I set, "Yes, ve haf a nudder, vich vill be sufficient plenty." But, py Chimineddy, I veel goot; I veel so vine goot!

Und he set, "Haf a nudder." So ve haf a nudder, und, py Chimineddy! I veel vine alretty.

Den der millenary officer set, "How vood you like ter schoine der Harmy hof der Sthades United?"

Rite away quick, I set: "Ta hellenspunks mit der butcher bishness, I go mit ta Harmy; ta hellenspunk mit der butcher bishness, I go mit ta Harmy." Und I jump aroundt, und I shoudt so loud mit myself, und I make my signings on der papers, und I schoine der Harmy hof der Sthades United, und I am now alretty a vetterain hof der Civil Var hof der Revolutionaries Harmy.

Finis.



THE GENTLEMAN LEANING FORWARD IS THE REVEREND SPENCER DOUBLEDAY.
HE JOINED THE GOLF CLUB, AS IT WAS HIS ONLY OPPORTUNITY FOR BECOMING ACQUAINTED WITH THE MEMBERS OF HIS CONGREGATION.



AN ADVENTURE.

Three smart young men and three nice girls,
All lovers true as steel—
Decided, in a friendly way,
To spend the day a-wheel.
They started in the early morn,
And nothing seemed amiss;
And when they reached the leafy lanes
They rode in twos like this!

They wandered by the verdant dale,
Beside the rippling rill;
The sun shone brightly all the while;
They heard the song bird's trill.
They sped through many a woodland glade,
And when they rested in the shade
Theysat intwos likethis!

The sun went down and evening came,
A lot too soon, they said:
Too long they tarried on the way,
The crowds grew black o'erhead.
Down dashed the rain; they homeward flew
Till one unlucky miss
Slipped sidewise—Crash! Great Scott!
Weareallmixeduplikethis!

—California Curio.

WHEN Bill Nye, in collaboration with James Whitcomb Riley, was touring the country as a lecturer, he stopped at a well-known Chicago hostelry one evening, and was escorted to a place in the big dining-room directly across the table from a dark man, with heavy, black mustachios, and a Mephistophelean goatee. Nye recognized his vis-à-vis as Herrmann, the magician, but beyond a quizzical stare gave

no sign that he knew the eminent prestidigitator. Herrmann was very well aware that the bald man opposite him was Bill Nye, but did not indicate his recognition by word or manner. Herrmann had, in fact, prepared a little surprise for the humorist, and several others seated at the table were in the secret.

Nye was about to lance a leaf from his salad, when he espied, lying beneath it, a superb and scintillant diamond, set in a very fine gold ring. Without showing the least surprise, he lifted the ring from the salad-bowl, slipped it on his finger, conscious all the while that every eye was upon him, and, turning to Riley, who sat next to him, remarked, with his dry, inimitable drawl:

"Strange how careless I am getting to be in my old age, James. I am forever leaving my jewelry in unlikely places."

Herrmann was dumfounded at the sudden manner in which the trick had miscarried, but he was destined for a still greater shock, for, when the darky waiter who presided over the table brought on the next course, Nye turned to him and, soberly handing him the gem-set ring, said:

"You are a very good waiter, Joe?"

"Yes, sah. I guess I is, sah."

"And you always will be a real good waiter, Joe."

"Yes, sah. I'm boun' ter do ma best, sah."

"I believe you, Joe. I believe you, and as an evidence of my faith in you, I want you to accept this little trifle. Wear it, and always remember the man who most appreciated your services."

The darky's eyes bulged. Herrmann's fork rattled to the floor, and he tugged at his great mustachios, but was far too clever to cut in with an explanation at such an inopportune moment. There were half-suppressed titters all around the board during the rest of the meal, which the

professor of occult art did not appear to enjoy. At a late hour that night Herrmann was heard in loud argument with the dusky recipient of the diamond ring, trying in two languages to convince him that it was all a joke on the part of Mr. Nye. Finally, after disbursing a tip of more than customary liberality, Herrmann got back his ring. He afterward avowed that the stone alone was worth two thousand dollars, and that Bill Nye's nonchalant presentation of it to a grinning mental had spoiled a whole evening's performance in legerdemain.—Success.

THE unconscious humor of the Irishman still lives. Last week a friend of mine was sitting in Phoenix Park, when to him appeared a ragged old chap, most gloriously intoxicated. "God save the queen, sor!" said he to my friend.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"God save Queen Victoria!" reiterated the old fellow.

"By all means. Send her victorious, happy and glorious!"

"That's right, sor! I wish she came to Dublin every year, every month, every day, sor! Think of what she'd done for the country; think of all the good she does to people. Why, look at me; here am I, as drunk as h— and never paid a penny for it."—London News.

THE Cape Town censor sat chewing the stump of a blue pencil.

"Dickens," he called to his assistant, "how many Boers did you say our five thousand men defeated?"

"One thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine!" responded the loyal Dickens.

"Then just turn it around to nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-one. It will make many glad hearts, and, besides, Dickens, my brother is a bunting manufacturer in London."

—Chicago News.

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.
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No better Turkish cigarette can be made, as no better, finer, purer tobacco exists than that used in Egyptian Deities, and no better workmanship in the making is possible.

A package of Egyptian Deities No. 3 (the usual size) will be sent to anyone, anywhere in the world, for 25 cents (in postage stamps), or a package of No. 1—the largest size, exactly the same in everything but size—will be mailed for 35 cents.

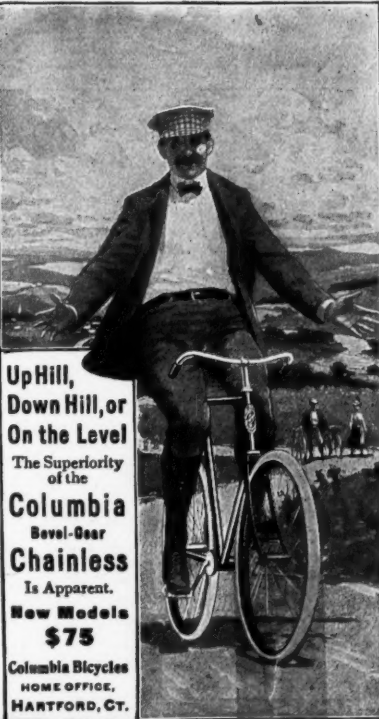
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Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.



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On the Level
The Superiority
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Cincinnati.

"So Dewey is a Democrat."
"Of course. It takes a hero to be a Democrat nowadays."
— *Bazar*.

COBWEB LIGHTNESS.

No woman who values comfort can do without "Arnold's Gauze Knit Drawers." They weigh but four ounces. Full cut, trimmed with umbrella lace or embroidery ruffle. Sold by Simpson, Crawford & Simpson.

WHEN the Queen, during a stay in Scotland, visited the Tay Bridge, one feature of the attendant ceremony was the presentation of a beautiful basket of flowers.

The Queen smiled as she took it in, but Dundee was not yet satisfied that it had done all in its power. The Provost stepped forward with a low bow.

"And, Your Majesty," said he, "you need not return the basket." — *London Outlook*.

"Thanks," he said, taking the cigar. "I will smoke this after dinner."

But it was so vile that he smoked it while sitting on a front seat in the grip car on his way home. For what was he, that he should fly in the face of long-established custom?
— *Chicago Tribune*.

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AFTER the census man had jotted down the answers to the preceding questions, he asked:

"Do you speak the English language?"

"Say," replied the "gent" who was under examination, "what kind of a spiel is this you're uncorkin' on me, anyway? Me speak the English language? Well, my boy, if you think I'm talkin' Choctaw to you now you're up against one of the emptiest propositions that ever come down the pike. Say, if the man that invented the English language could hear me spiel on my larynx he'd holler for help, and that's no josh neither. You don't haft to have no translator to git my meanin' into your headpiece, do you, huh? Me talk English! Old man, if I'm throwin' anything else into you rite now you give me a 'map of it on a roller, will you?"
— *Chicago Times-Herald*.

THEATRICAL MANAGER: Are you sure this book is too indecent to be printed?

BOOKSELLER: Yes, but why are you so particular?

"I want to have it dramatized."

— *Subert's Monthly Visitor*.

A PERFECT drink, as wholesome as it is delicious. Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry. It is superior.

CALLER: Isn't your mother in, Ethel?

ETHEL: No, ma'am. She's down town.

"Shopping?"

"Oh, no, ma'am! I don't think she had time for that. She said she was just going to run down and get some things she needed." — *Philadelphia Press*.

"THE trouble about Nero," remarked Senator Sorghum, "was that the people around him didn't know how to manage him. All that was needed was a little tact and diplomacy."

"What would you have suggested?"

"I would simply have got the capitalists together and made arrangements to present Nero a block of stock in every insurance company in Rome. Then he wouldn't have had the heart to set fire to the town." — *Washington Star*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Accessible location, excellent table, prompt service.

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"That's wrong. The mathematician who furnished those figures didn't know what he was talking about. My wife would get sixty dollars." — *Chicago Times-Herald*.



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Yours sincerely,

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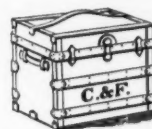
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Six Races Daily, with a Sparkling Programme of Stake, Handicap and Purse Contests

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CALENDAR OF STAKE EVENTS

Friday, July 6, THE MONTAUK, of \$3,000, 2 year olds. THE SARAGOSSA, fillies, 3 year olds

Saturday, July 7, THE BRIGHTON HANDICAP.

probable value, \$10,000, 3 year olds and upward, 1¼ miles

Tuesday, July 10,
THE FIRST ATTEMPT, 2 year olds

Thursday, July 12,
THE NAUTILUS, 3 year olds

Saturday, July 14,
THE VENUS, of \$3,000, fillies, 2 year olds
THE PUNCHSTOWN STEEPLECHASE

Tuesday, July 17,
THE TEST HANDICAP, 3 year olds and upward

Wednesday, July 18,
THE BABYLON, 3 year olds

Thursday, July 19,
THE ATLANTIC, 2 year olds

Saturday, July 21,
THE SEAGATE, 3 year olds
THE UNDERGRADUATE, 2 year olds

Tuesday, July 24,
THE SPINSTER, fillies, 2 years old

Wednesday, July 25,
THE ISLIP, 3 year olds and upward

Thursday, July 26,
THE SEA GULL HANDICAP, 3 year olds

Saturday, July 28,
THE NEPTUNE, of \$5,000, 2 year olds
THE PECONIC, 3 year olds

Tuesday, July 31,
THE DISTAFF, fillies, 2 year olds
THE FLIGHT HANDICAP, 3 year olds and upward

Wednesday, August 1,
THE SEA CLIFF, 3 year olds and upward

Thursday, August 2,
THE GLEN COVE, 3 year olds
THE RISING GENERATION, 2 year olds

Saturday, August 4,
THE BRIGHTON CUP, probable value, \$10,000, 3 year olds and upward, 2¼ miles

Monday, August 6,
THE ELECTRIC HANDICAP, fillies, 2 year olds

Tuesday, August 7,
THE WINGED FOOT HANDICAP, 2 year olds

Wednesday, August 8,
THE BRIGHTON J'N'OR, of \$10,000, 3 year olds
THE CHANTILLY HURDLE HANDICAP, 3 year olds and upward

Thursday, August 8,
THE JAMAICA, 3 year olds and upward

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